



CAROL: Sue! It's been over ten (To herself) She doesn't look a do can't take his eyes off her.



SOLDIERS of

by JACK ANDERSON

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WASHINGTON, D.C.

ee ur, you American pig!"

Frank Fiorini dangged himself off the stone floor of Havana police headquarters. On rubbery legs he pulled himself nearly erect.

Crack! A whip caught him across the bare shoulders, already striped with the marks of a lash. Fiorini sagged. He pitched forward onto his knees. As he The Batista police felt confident they h last of him.

But two weeks later Frank Fiorini was cloak-and-dagger mission for Castro. He a Air Force chief, Maj. Pedro Luis Diaz Li Mexico to buy arms illegally and smuggle t Castro forces in the Sierra Maestre spount

Today, Fiorini still is up to his neck in illusioned now with Castro, too, he is busy for his former hero's overthrow. He lives Castro refugees in Miami, and itches to go

moy rol-yusauty-for you.

come to be younger looking. See if Palmolive care of deathe same for you, too. In all the world, there is could a ready, no simpler way to the utmost in

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Approved For Release 1999/08/d at : Given tiny blemishes Clearer color sounded in the Lame for t